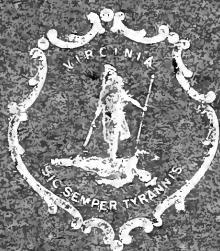


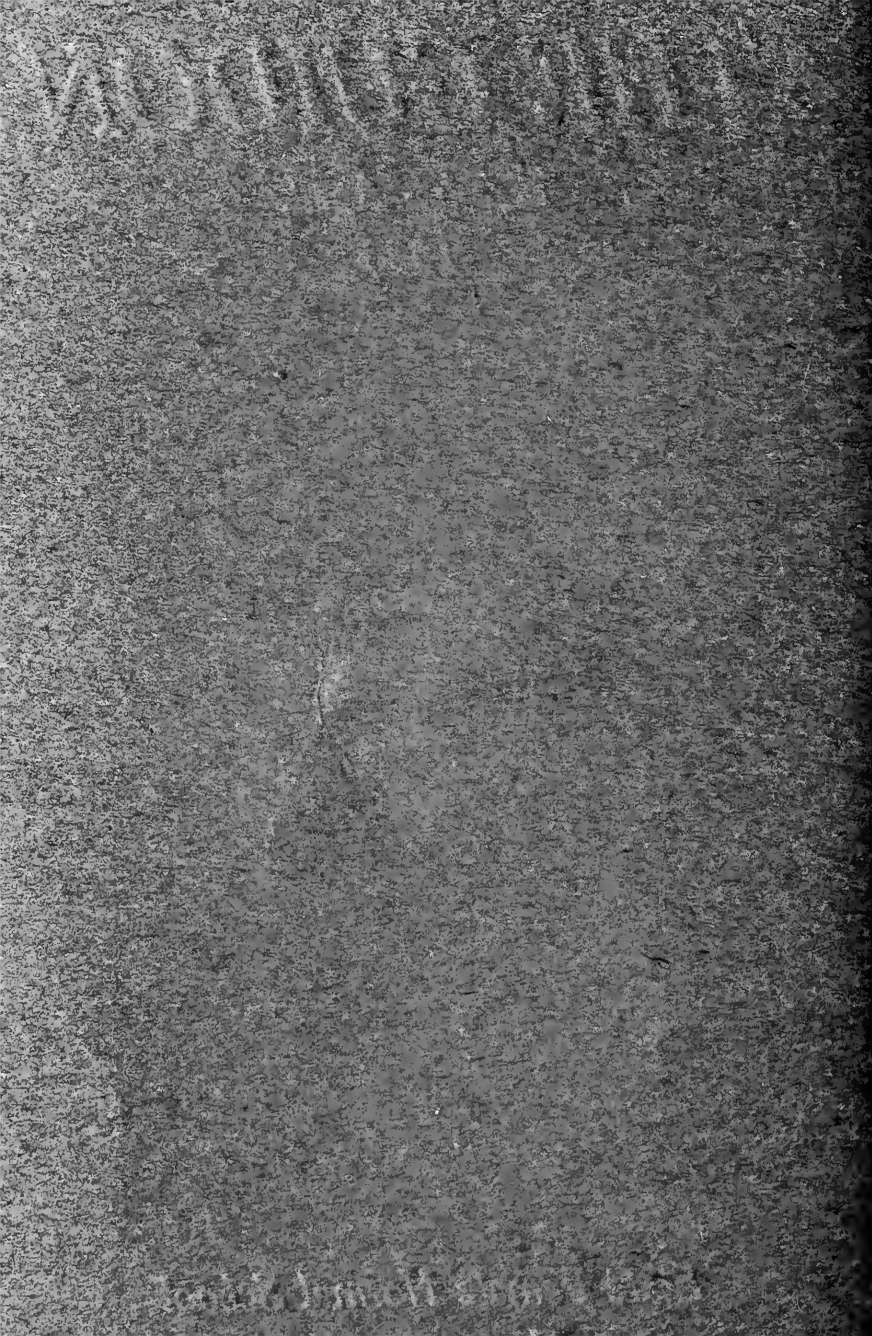
Teachers College
Farmville, Virginia.

THE GUIDON

March - April,
1908



State Female Normal School
Farmville, Va.



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THE GUIDON

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THE GUIDON

"It were better youth
Should strive through acts uncouth
Toward making, than repose upon
Aught found made."—*Browning.*

VOL. 4

MARCH-APRIL '08.

No. 3

March.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green fields sleep in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping anon—anon
There's joy on the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A Keeper of the Light.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was pre-eminently a child of his ancestors. That he fully recognized this fact, we know, for we have the thought expressed in his own words:

"The ascendant hand is what I feel most strongly; I am bound in and in with my forbears. We are all nobly born; fortunate those who know it, blessed those who remember it."

And again: "The sights and thoughts of my youth pursue me; and I see like a vision the youth of my father and of his father and the whole stream of lives flowing down there far in the north with the sound of laughter and tears, to cast me out in the end, as by a sudden freshet, on these ultimate islands, and I admire and bow my head before the romance of destiny."

Robert Louis Stevenson united the blood of the Stevensons, the famous light-house builders, with that of the Balfours, who were preachers, and while he inherited traits from both families, it is a happy fact that these traits, as shown in him, are such as he himself might have chosen as an inheritance that would allow him to glean from life its richest blessings.

In 1807, Robert Stevenson, grandfather of Robert Louis, was appointed sole engineer to the Board of Northern Lights. To one whose nature held some-

what of the sentiment of romance, the life of a civil engineer at that time contained many attractions. The seas and the coasts were still dark and unknown, and often the mission of the engineer would carry him to islands still partly savage. Often, too, he made his own path through the deep wilderness and planted his lighthouse "in the very camp of the wreckers." But the life was not made up of romance and of stirring adventure entirely. It had its practical side as most things have. Lighthouses must be constructed and strictly superintended, and into all these duties and adventures Robert Stevenson threw himself with ardor and thoroughness. It is said of him that he was "king in the service to his finger tips." Big hearted, enthusiastic, free-spoken, strong and loyal, he was a grandfather of whom one might be proud. From him the grandson inherited the intense love of the romantic, together with the deep desire for perfection in whatever he undertook.

Of the other grandfather, the preacher, Lewis Balfour, Robert Louis himself says, "I often wonder what I have inherited from this old minister." But if not from "the old minister" from whom else did he inherit his intensity, his love of dramatic action, the ethical side of his nature?

From his mother, Robert Louis inherited a vivacity and brightness that allowed intense enjoyment of life, and a firm resolve to look on the bright side, that helped him through many dark hours.

From his father, Thomas Stevenson, our author inherited the romantic and artistic elements of character that were the means of drawing him away from the career that the father earnestly wished him to

follow. Robert Louis recognized the fact that it was a severe disappointment when he announced his intention of taking up writing as a profession, but he knew that he was not born to be an engineer; something within him made him "forswear the hereditary line of the family glory for one more shining still."

There was something in his temperament that made him very unlike his father and grandfather, even while so like them. It was not that he did not appreciate their works that he forsook their profession. Hear his own words on the subject:

"Say not of me that weakly I declined
The labors of my sire and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say: In the afternoon of time
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along the sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours."

And listen further to his words when he sees the work of his father, the beacon light shining along the "yellowing sunset," while the seaman in his skiff moves through the bay and at last the ship lies resting where—

"By reef and roost, thou hast led her like a child,
This hast thou done, and I, can I be base?
I must arise, O father, and to port some lost,
Complaining seaman pilot home."

Could he "be base?" Surely, no. It was only that he chose a different way of throwing light on

troubled waves. Who can count the "lost, complaining seamen" whom the beacon light that he set up led safely to a land of joy that they had lost sight of in the darkness? Did not he too "plant a star" for life's seamen?

With an understanding heart he chose the nature of the light he would give to the world, and he tended that light and fed it with the best that he knew, with the "oil of gladness," with sympathy and love for the world, and for all created beings.

Sometimes it was not an easy thing, to say the least, to keep the light burning. Often the waves of physical weakness and of enforced exile beat high and fiercely, but through it all he kept the "free erectness of the undismayed soul," and the light shone bravely on.

From beginning to end his life was one long struggle, but a struggle so bravely carried on, so happily concealed by his grandly unselfish spirit, that it scarcely seems to have been a struggle at all.

"Help us to play the man," he prays, "help us to perform our duties with laughter and kind faces." And his life from day to day was a continued answer to that prayer.

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face,
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake."

He never lost sight of his "great task of happiness," as he calls it, and he went about this task with no show of faltering, and always he kept the windows of his soul polished and clear, so that the light might never be obscured, but might shine out upon the world more and more brightly.

His life and art are vitally connected. His life "colored and vitalized his art, and the pursuit of the latter led him ever to a closer and clearer vision of life." With his poet's ear "ever attuned to the harmony of beautiful words," he sought to give expression to the things that were waiting to be said.

As he traveled in search of elusive health his spirit of discovery was always awake and eager, and everything seemed to contribute to and enrich his art. It may be that he drew much of his cheerfulness from knowing, even while he suffered, that the light-making power was still his own. While death kept its shadowy wing always over and near him, his heart still beat in the sunshine, and the bright, brave spirit ever triumphed over the sickly body, and his to the fullest measure was "the joy of living."

The place he took for his own, the place he will keep in the minds and hearts of men is, even as the lighthouse tower, "immovable and immortal."

The Advantages and Privileges of Leap-year.

THE LEADING PAPER ON THE AFFIRMATIVE SIDE
IN THE RECENT CUNNINGHAM DEBATE.

*Madam President, Honorable Judges, Members of the
Literary Society, My Honorable Opponents, ladies
and Gentlemen,*

THE question for discussion this afternoon is, Resolved: That girls take advantage of the privileges of leap-year.

I hope to convince you that it is not only a woman's right but it is her duty to take advantage of the privilege which leap-year affords and to guide bashful and backward bachelors into the "holy bonds of matrimony."

First, we wish to know what leap-year is; when and how it happened that young women might use this special privilege. Leap-year is a year of 366 days, so called because it leaps forward a day as compared with an ordinary year. The origin of leap-year customs dates back to 400, so by now it should be well established. This is the story that is generally told.

One day, after having driven the frogs and snakes out of Ireland, St. Patrick was walking along the shores of a beautiful lake when he was accosted by St. Bridget who, while weeping bitterly, told him

that a mutiny had broken out in the nunnery over which she presided. She said that the sisters felt much abused because they had not the privilege of "popping the question." At this time celibacy was not a general rule for the clergy, though St. Patrick had vowed never to marry. He was so distressed by the trouble of St. Bridget that he decided to grant the ladies the privilege of proposing every seventh year. At this St. Bridget threw her arms around St. Patrick's neck and cried, "Arrah, Patrick, me jewel! I daren't go back to the girls wid such a proposal. Make it one in four." St. Patrick replied, "Bridget, me darlin', squeeze me that way again and I'll give ye leap-year, the longest one of the lot."

Suddenly the thought occurred to St. Bridget that she might avail herself of the privilege and gain a husband; so she "popped the question" to St. Patrick himself. Of course, he could not marry so he patched up the difficulty with a kiss and a silk gown.

This is not the only historical fact which upholds the leap-year custom. There was an act of Scottish Parliament passed about 1228 which ordained that "during the reign of her maist blessit majestie Margaret, ilk maiden ladye, of both high and lowe estate, shall hae libertie to speak ye man she likes. If he refuses her to be his wife, he shall be fined the sum of one hundred pounds, or less, as his estate may bee, except and always if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman, then he shall be free."

Now do you not think that, with old laws in our favor, we should have this privilege? Why of course you really think so; but most of you are somewhat timid and afraid to express your ideas freely.

It is my opinion that some of our friends and fellow students have already taken advantage of this leap-year (though secretly) and, sad to say, must have been refused, for are they not rustling around in new silk frocks?

Second, we wish to know other good reasons for girls taking advantage of this privilege.

The psychological reason, of course, takes precedence over the others. We know that actions often grow automatic through habit. Now some men plod along single and alone, never even thinking of marriage, and all through a habit. One of the laws of psychology is, a stimulus which would be inadequate by itself to excite a nerve center to effective discharge, may by acting with one or more stimuli (equally ineffectual by themselves alone) bring the discharge about. Now this stimulus is lodged in the centers below the thalami and often in those of the corpora quadrigemina of the cortex. Therefore, if girls are allowed to propose on leap-year this would all be changed. Leap-year would afford the stimulus and the proposal would turn the thoughts of man to a cosy little home and a sweet wife.

Now let us look at the geographical reasons, which are also very important. Most of our soldiers and officers who are in the Philippines, Panama and other desolate spots are bachelors and are so occupied with killing mosquitos, chasing land crabs, digging canals, and keeping the lawless inhabitants in order that they have no time or inclination to think of matrimony. Now what do you think will be the fate of such men if some fair maid does not use her special privilege and cable a proposal to the lucky man who

happens to take her fancy, and so bring him back to civilization and a home.

Then again, what do you suppose will become of the bachelors of that small town of Farmville, Prince Edward county, in the State of Virginia, where the State Normal stands, if the fair maidens of that school do not take matters in their own little hands? This place is so far from the centers of civilization that the bachelors of the town have no chance to marry. The State of Virginia kindly put the Normal there, pretending to train the girls for teachers, but in reality to give the boys a chance for happiness.

Should the girls not be allowed to use their special prerogative the bachelors of this same town will be doomed to die unloved and alone. Why should not women in general and, these girls in particular, take advantage of the privileges of leap-year? If they may not what else would happen? The boys of the college near the Normal are so taken up with their studies and with athletics that they think not of the fair maids so near them. If the girls are not allowed to turn the thoughts of these studious young men, I fear that they, poor fellows! will have to bear the same sad fate as the bachelors of Farmville.

And then do you not see that if girls are given this privilege of "popping the question" there would not be so many bachelor maids and men in the faculty of many schools. These bachelors are so occupied with historical facts and precise dates, and also with psychology and other matters that that they have no room in their highly developed brains for the lighter thoughts of love and marriage. But the bachelor maids have more time to think of such things, and,

therefore, they should be allowed to use their privilege and so influence their bachelor friends to "end the heart-ache and the thousand hopes and fears the single suffer."

Since leap-year custom was instituted by the good old St. Patrick, since psychology upholds it, and since such dire calamities will befall so many if girls may not propose, every one should sanction the privilege of "popping the question" by women.

A Trap-year Letter.

My "Peaceful Henry," When the "Evening
Twilight Bids the Day Good-bye,"
Then I sit me down to ponder
"Who Could Love You More Than I?"

"Would You Care?" to have me tell you,
"When the Harvest Days Are O'er,"
That "Im Wearing my Heart . . ."—but
"Who's There Knocking at My Door?"

"He Walked Right in and Turned Around,"
But he's no good, "He's a Cousin of Mine."
"I Like Your Way," 'tis best I've found,
I'm waiting now, "In the Shadow of the Pines."

"How'd You Like to Like a Girl Like Me?"
I'm different from "The Girl You Loved in
Sunny Tennessee."
"There's Room to Rent in My Heart for You,"
And "I Can't Tell Why I Love You, But I do."

"You'll Want Someone to Love You When
You're Old,"
"When the Sunset Turns the Ocean Blue to
Gold."

Oh, tell me, "Would You Leave Your Happy
Home for Me?"

And would you love me always, "In the Vil-
lage by the Sea?"

"I Wonder if You Miss Me As I Miss You"

And if you'll guess, "I Loved You Better
Than You Knew."

I even hope to hear you, "In the Good Old
Summer Time,"

Whisper to me softly, "Love Me, and the
World is Mine."

"I'll Be With You When the Roses Bloom
Again,"

So, when there's no one nigh

But "Just You and I,"

I shall hope to hear you sing it to me then.

"In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree,"

"How'd You Like to Spoon With Me?"

Then thro' meadows of clover and soft summer
mazes,

We'll wander and gather a "A Sweet Bunch
of Daisies."

"A Boy Like You Will Do

For a Girl Like Me to Woo,"

When leap-year days come round.

But "How Many Boys Have I Told That To,
Those Four Little Words: 'I Love But You.'"

There're a dozen or more, I'll be bound.

You will think me fond of "Teasing"
But I've Grown So Used to You,"
That I'll sing it for you "Sometime"
In "A Hammock Built for Two."

But it groweth late, my "Moon Dear,"
I must say "Good-night" to you,
Wait until another Leap-year,
"Tell Me, Will My Dream Come True."

"Always"

"DEARIE."

LILIAN VIRGINIA DELP, '09.

The Wall Between.

BILLY ATKINSON sat on the railing of his sister's front-porch, dangling his feet and grinning approvingly at the "Kid," who was very busy pulling up his mother's pet fern.

Billy's grin was chronic ; he indulged in it for more than one reason, for besides adding to his good looks, it was often instrumental in getting him out of scrapes. He was very fond of telling of one instance back in his early college days when he had some trouble with one of the professors, and the president decided not to "ship" him because, as he told the professor, "I don't think there is any real harm in Atkinson, he has such an innocent smile."

Although Billy was wearing that same innocent smile this morning, he was not thinking of his past good fortune, but rather of his present hard luck, since for the last three mornings, in fact ever since he had come to his sister's he had sat on that railing and looked over the high board fence into his neighbor's yard. Of course this was a very improper thing for him to do, but as he could only see the small square that contained the tennis court, he felt fully justified in watching the exciting games that took place between an attractive looking girl and her fat, doughty father. Even from that distance Billy could see that the "old chap" was coaxed into playing much against his will, so his place might be easily

usurped. Now as he sat there watching the girl's graceful athletic movements and thought of the barrier between them, he grimly called it a case of Romeo and Juliet. For a long time a feud had existed between their two families. It had been so long ago that no one remembered just how it came about, but they did know that from their childhood they were taught never to cross the high fence that separated the two yards.

"Unker Billy," said the kid as the tender fern yielded to his grasp and came up by the root, "Ook what bebe's did!"

"Yes, you've done something that 'Unker' Billy wouldn't dare do," he remarked calmly. "Take it in and show it to your mama, kid, she'll be proud of you."

"Ash, proud of bebe," delighted at the praise he felt would certainly be forthcoming. Then Billy settled himself to hear the result.

"Ook, mama, at what bebe's did," began Kid joyfully.

"Oh, son, that's mother's new maiden-hair fern. Where did you get it?" asked his mother, still clinging to the hope that she was mistaken.

"N'out yonder by the front steps," reassured Kid. "Bebe faught it was a weed," he added contritely, which proved effective, as Billy heard sounds of kissing. Then his sister said, "Of course, mama's 'ittle man didn't know. Where's Uncle Billy, son? I thought he was looking after you."

"No-o, bebe didn't know," he echoed. "Uncle Billy's on the front porch," the little scamp added, glad enough to shift the blame.

Exactly two days after Billy's arrival, the nurse had decided to leave, giving her mistress the assurance, "De gent can take kyar of him 'til you gets another gal." And though Billy had been there just three days, it seemed to him that he had been playing nurse for weeks.

His sister seemed to share his opinion now, as she walked out on the porch and remarked sweetly :

"It must be an interesting game Billy; I think I shall have to get a nurse who is not so enthusiastic over tennis."

She smiled at his confusion as he stammered, "I—oh—yes, it is a good game."

Then he laughed helplessly, and taking her face in his hands, said :

"It is hard luck now isn't it, Sis? I wish you would stop this scrapping."

His sister smiled back at him.

"I wish so, too, Billy, but nobody knows just how to begin, you see it has been going on so long."

"Well, see here, Sis," Billy seemed to have an inspiration, "if I make the first move will you play second? I mean," he continued, "if I go so far as to engage in a friendly conversation with any one of them, you will back me up!"

"Yes indeed," she answered, and hurried off to put her fern in water. She felt safe in making this promise, and did not notice a little later when Billy came from the library with a copy of "Romeo and Juliet" in his pocket.

Billy devoted the rest of the day to reading "Romeo and Juliet," and a good part of the night to thinking and plotting; but when he awoke next morn-

ing he was utterly without a plan of campaign. So, after making a few unpleasant remarks about Shakespeare, he decided to trust to luck and an innocent smile.

"Come on, Kid," he called as he strode off in the direction of the high fence, his charge hurrying after him.

"Where 'oo doin', Unker Billy?" cooed the Kid in his sweet tones.

"I'm going to thunder," answered Billy politely, as he wished grimly that Romeo's wall had been a high board one guarded by a fierce bull-dog, instead of a low stone one with not even a French poodle in sight.

In the meantime Kid judged from Billy's tone that he had better not ask any more questions if he hoped to be taken on a trip to thunder, and it was so much fun to go anywhere with Unker Billy that it was well worth his keeping quiet awhile. However, when Billy stopped about two yards from the fence and lying down on the grass, began to read, the Kid was afraid that he would be cheated out of his trip.

"Unker Billy, 'zis isn't funder," he said; "'zis is dust mamma's front yard."

"What you talking about, Kid?" asked Billy gruffly, then remembering what he had said, he laughed good-naturedly.

"Poor Kid, Unker Billy doesn't treat him right, does he?" said Billy, pulling the little fellow down beside him. Then a great tussle ensued which ended with both in a decidedly better humor. Billy returned to his book, which by the way, was not 'Romeo

and Juliet." He had sworn off on Shakespeare forever.

"You serve, dad," came in a sweet voice from the other side of the fence.

"I know you can win this one," she said encouragingly.

"Ha! Ha! You want to keep me at it, do you? This is slowly dragging me to my grave," answered a deep voice whose tone implied that he was hoping to be released from his toils.

"No, no, dad, you are just getting fatter every day, and then think, dad, if you should die of playing tennis, you would certainly go down in history as a martyr," answered the girl.

"Play," she commanded.

Then followed a silence, during which Billy hugged Kid ferociously to keep him quiet. He knew something interesting would follow, and prayed feverently that something would happen to the "old chap," so that he would have some excuse to scale the fence and play the hero.

"No good," came wafted over the wall.

"Double,—a little harder, dad."

Billy squeezed Kid; he thought a crisis was approaching.

"Good!—There!—Oh!" came in quick succession.

Just at that instant something hummed softly over Billy, and a little tennis ball bounced gaily on the grass. Billy beat Kid getting to it, then to pacify him offered his watch as a substitute. Kid was delighted, and toddled off to find a rock so he could see what it was inside that made it

tick. Billy returned to the scene of action in time to hear her say :

"I can get a ladder and go over and find it in a minute, not a soul would see me, dad." Then she added : "It's such a nuisance to be mad with people."

"It certainly is," agreed her father heartily. "I wish this silly affair could be cleared up, but nobody dares to start it."

"I will start it by going up to the front door and asking permission to get my ball," hazarded the girl.

"How brave you are," said her father laughing. "But I think we had better wait and order some more from town this afternoon."

After this he went off chuckling—the balls could not get here for two days at least.

Billy's first impulse was to throw the ball back, but he thought better of it, and later he felt doubly repaid for his waiting. He heard a slight commotion on the other side of the fence, then the top of a ladder appeared just above. He waited with throbbing heart as he stuffed the ball into his hip pocket. Soon he saw some fluffy, light hair appearing over the high boards. A rather high forehead with heavy brows then came into view, and two big blue eyes that eagerly scanned the lawn. Their expression changed as they rested on Billy.

"Oh !" she remarked in surprise.

"Oh !" echoed Billy with a grin.

"Come over, Kid and I are both lonesome," he said audaciously as he walked up to the fence, slightly increasing his grin.

As he looked up at her he had a vision of that same merry face in a picture that stood on his dresser at college, and it flashed over him that this was Bob Seton's little sister Juliette.

"No, thank you," she answered. "I," then remembering the tennis ball, for the first time, she continued :

"My tennis ball flew over here, and I would like to look for it please, if you don't mind. "

"Certainly not," assured Billy.

The girl demurely seated herself on the top of the fence and began to pull the ladder over. She scrambled to the ground and looked around rather frightened.

"I ought not to be here," she said, fixing her honest eyes on him. "Are you sure you don't mind?"

"Quite sure," he answered, still broadening his smile. "I think it is very nice and exciting, something of a Romeo and Juliette affair," he added eyeing her closely.

"Oh ! how did you know my name?" she asked, turning to him with childish delight in her eyes. "No, you needn't pretend you didn't know my name, because I won't believe you."

"Perhaps," began Billy, "somebody told me."

"Perhaps they did," repeated the girl, "and I know who it was, I know who you are too, and you are not named Romeo if—" here she paused in some confusion.

"If what?" he demanded

"If nothing, just if," replied the girl.

"If," he said slowly, "is a conjunction rarely used at the end of sentences."

The girl laughed. "Well," she said, "I will keep on saying 'if' until you find the ball, then I will say, if you did find the ball for me."

"Romeo didn't find any; he went to one," remarked Billy dryly.

"What is the difference?" asked Juliette. "I guess you will go to it when you find it; you won't stand off and make me get it, will you?"

"No," he said, remembering where it was, "I guess not."

He drew the ball from his pocket, and still holding it, said seriously,

"See here, Miss Juliette, we are not mad with each other and—"

"I'm mad about the ball," broke in Juliette.

"And," he continued undaunted, "we both know each other, so it seems to me that we ought to be friends."

"Then," he continued, unable to read her face, "it is our duty to establish peace between these two families."

The girl took the ball in silence, then as she climbed the ladder she said :

"Romeo and Juliet did."

He hurried after her, and just as she disappeared down the other side, he said,

"If—if—," he heard the girl stifle a laugh, and he continued boldly. "If you push that ladder back over here, I will come over and play tennis in the morning."

There was a long silence, then slowly the ladder came back.

LOUISE CLEVELAND.

Melting Snow.

Cov'ring house and hill and field,
Creeping on us ere we know,
Making beauty everywhere,
How we love the falling snow !

As we look abroad at night,
How it sparkles 'neath the moon,
And we think of fun and frolic
That the day will bring us soon.

But snow was never formed to last,
The sun will make his power felt—
He grins, and makes things warm again,
And then the snow begins to melt.

Drip-drop, drip-drop, all day long—
Dainty flakes gone, in the general mush—
You wish you could (as I shall do)
Drop the curtain on the slush !

* * * * *

When you were a little boy
Did you stay away from school,
Just to see if fish would bite
In the river, dark and cool ?

Then when "teacher" found you out,
And your father, kind and true,

Did his duty, well— it was
“Melting snow time” then, for you !

If you were a little girl,
Still you played your pranks, and then
“Melting snow time” had to come,
After which you “tried again.”

Now, as then, you want some fun,
Let duties lag, and pleasures rush,
Wait ! the melting time will come,
You’ll be sorry—in the slush.

So, in every walk in life,
Finally we come to know
All our stolen pleasures bring
In their train the melting snow !

History Embedded in a Word.

THE Autocrat of the Breakfast Table tells of his visit to the Eternal City and how he looked upon the ruins, unmoved in mind. His spirit felt not the magic of the bygone ages, nor did the glory of the ancient days light up his soul. But far out on the Campagna he stumbled over a fallen column, and at once there rose up before him the grandeur of the Imperial City and "the lofty walls of Rome." Even so, some fragment of our daily speech may be a magic touchstone to recall the buried, outworn past. Such a word is "precarious," derived from the Latin, *precor*, I beg. The word is an epitome of the lives of millions of men and women who lived in humiliation and dependence, mocked all the while by the law, so strong to punish but so weak to aid them.

Under the Empire all were indeed under the despotic rule of the Emperor who controlled the State. But in the everyday affairs of life, actual power fell more and more into the hands of the rich. The peasants, the strength of republican Rome, sold their lands to the capitalists and drifted into the cities to degenerate into a worthless proletariat. Gangs of slaves tilled the soil of Italy or tended the herds of their rich masters. In the provinces the same process went on and the landless men became an ever increasing percentage of the population. For money was getting steadily scarcer. The trade with the East drained the Roman world of gold and silver, for the

East demanded the precious metals in exchange for its gems and spices and took no manufactured goods from the West. Spices were worth their weight in gold, and the wealthy Romans were insatiable in their demand for these articles of luxury. Further, the mines of Spain began to give out and a gold famine set in. In consequence, interest rose and prices fell and the farmer suffered first and worst. A few rich men owned all the land and controlled the administration of affairs, subject only to the will of the distant Emperor. The majestic structure of the Roman Law, just approaching completion, protected the rights of all the citizens. He who could show a lease was safe from the exactions of the owner of the soil. He had only to pay his rent and he was safe.

But the great landowners evaded the restrictions of the law. They refused to issue leases and so could not be brought to account. They felt the satisfaction of the monopolist who holds the fortunes of thousands in his hands. Men must live, however, and the wretched farmers must beg land from the proprietors on such terms as they could obtain. So a begging letter, *epistola precaria*, was sent to the proprietor, humbly supplicating of him as a favor the use of a piece of land. No answer was returned to this; the letter itself was retained as evidence of title for the master, but an answer would have given some show of right to the supplicant. No dues were fixed; all was left indefinite. This only meant that the owner took all but a bare subsistence from the wretched tenant. If the master wished to appear in public with an imposing train of free men (for these men were not slaves) he had but to signify his pleasure. Who dared re-

fuse the summons? Refusal or delay meant instant eviction from the land, and eviction meant starvation for the tenant and his family. No rent being stated, there was nothing to be brought before a court of law. In all the affairs that make up daily life the tenant-at-will was at the mercy of his landlord. He voted at his dictation, he gave his services at demand, he paid until he had no more to pay.

In vain emperor after emperor issued edicts against this practice, punishing the landlord with heavy fines and the tenant-at-will with imprisonment. There was no evidence by which to convict the offenders. The judges were often themselves the guilty parties and the practice went steadily on. When the barbarians broke in on the decrepit Empire they found the effeminate and luxurious rich absolute masters of the fortunes of millions of despairing, spiritless drudges, who lived only by sufferance of their lords. This dependence, firmly established in Roman times, is one of the sources of Feudalism.

A piece of land obtained by the *epistola precaria* was known as a *precarium*. When one thinks of the wanton insults, the humiliations and exactions that must have been heaped upon the hopeless and helpless tenants, one can understand that the word *precarious* came to mean the acme of uncertainty.

Nothing was to be hoped for, all was to be endured by these wretched men, and the word that described the misery of their condition became firmly fixed in the vocabulary of men.

It endures today, a monument of the state of society of the decadence of the Roman Empire. Is there any danger of its resuming its pristine significance in this land of ours?

With the Editors.

CLAIRE BURTON, RUTH REDD,
Editors-in-Chief.

BEVERLY ANDREWS, BLANCHE GENTRY,
Literary Editor, Exchange Editor.

GRACE BEALE, MARGARET DAVIS
Y. W. C. A. and Alumnae Editor, Local Editor.

LULA SUTHERLIN, VIRGINIA NELSON
Business Managers.

The Annual The girls of all classes, we are sure, will be glad to know that the Seniors of '08 are to have an annual this year. It has been the custom of each year's graduates to edit a book, but, on account of sickness among many members of the class, and for several other reasons as well, the question of the class not having an annual was considered. This, however, was discussed with a good deal of warmth. The vote of the class was taken and the decision was rendered in favor of *having* the annual.

It is useless to deny that it means work and hard work, too. It also necessitates time, money and brains, and needs the help and co-operation of every girl in the school. Even though the staff, for unavoidable reasons, is a little late in organizing, we believe that they intend to edit the best year book we have ever had. The following nominees for the staff received a majority of votes of their class and were elected as follows: Wirt Davidson, editor-in-chief; Jessie Neidermaier, assistant editor-in-chief; Mary

Henley Spencer, business manager ; Helen Steed, assistant business manager; Grace Beale, literary editor; Beverley Andrews, assistant literary editor ; Emily Lewelling, Mary Watkins, Ida Hassel, and Curle Philips, art, club, picture and joke editors, respectively.

The annual is not the exclusive property of the staff, although it is by their hard work and efforts that it is planned and published; it is not simply to tell the happenings among the seniors, even though, in years to come, it will be a happy souvenir of their student days; nor is it "a picture book" of clubs and organizations, although they are a representative and distinctive phase of school life. The scope of the annual, however, embraces more than this: it includes *all* the girls, *all* the classes and *all* the interests in and about school. It is desired that everybody who can, contribute. Those who write might spend a little spare time on a story, poem, rhyme, or jingle for the annual; while others who draw would doubtless help the art editor by thinking of and planning some effective drawings. Then, too, girls who always see and hear the funny things and remember all the good jokes on the students and faculty, will have their contributions most gratefully received by the department of jokes and grinds, and last, but not least, the request has been made that the girls will attend the entertainments "for the benefit of the annual" and if they feel inclined give something for it themselves. In the first case they will "get their money's worth," and in the second they will do a service to the annual and afford other girls the same privilege.

To conclude, the annual must have plenty of fun

in it and be overflowing with school life and spirit. To this end we hope that every girl in school will give her good wishes and ready co-operation.

Black Monday On Easter Monday, April 14th, in the year 1330, when Edward III was besieging Paris, there was a terrible hail storm and it was so bitter cold that thousands of his men died on their horses—frozen to death.

On account of this disaster this day was called "Black Monday," and by Shakespeare's time the epithet was applied to all Easter Mondays, for in the Merchant of Venice he says:

"Then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday last."

Soon every Monday after a holiday came to be called Black Monday, so Monday being the first school day in the week, the school-boy was quick to see that it might in a less degree be applied to every Monday, and gradually it has been given the name by almost everybody.

But not to the school-boy only is Monday black. Pupils, teachers, housekeepers, all argue that it is a day of abominations. To the pupil it is black chiefly because of the unprepared lessons; to the teacher for the same reason, for he has to contend with dull, stupid pupils; to the housekeeper it is black not on account of one or two things, but because thousands of things go wrong. In the first place, Monday is "wash day;" then the house is usually in need of extra cleaning, Sunday being such an admirable day for the accumulation of dirt; generally, the storeroom has to be supplied; and maybe the cook, having been

late at "meeting" on Sunday night, does not come in time to prepare breakfast ; the children are late for school; and so on down a long list of grievances. Is it any wonder that the housekeeper despises Monday?

There must be a remedy for this general blackness of Monday, but what is it?

Narrowing the question down to school life, since that concerns us most at present, we believe that having holiday on Monday instead of Saturday is the best thing that could be done to make a bright day of Monday.

People are inclined to think that because Monday follows Sunday—a day of rest—everyone should be fresh and ready to work on Monday with renewed energy, and especially is this thought of students. This, however, is not the case, usually all of Saturday is spent in doing things that have been left over from other days, and one is in a rush from morn till night. Sunday comes and little has been accomplished, so instead of its being a day of rest both for mind and body, it is spent in worrying over the things that have not been done and doing things that should be left off on Sunday. The first thought on Monday is likely to be "When will I ever catch up in my work?" With such a thought on awaking, how can one be cheerful? And somehow, the very air of Monday is dull and heavy, and the sun never shines as brightly as on other days.

There is no use keeping Saturday for holiday just to prepare for Sunday, for, as we have said, we are generally too busy with other things to think of Sunday, and as far as the mending of clothes is concerned, Monday is just as good a day as Saturday.

Teachers seem to have an idea that having all day Saturday to study the girls can take harder lessons. Monday is a full day for everyone and the lessons are rarely learned. The average student thinks that it is so long from Friday to Monday she has plenty of time to study, so puts it off again and again until Sunday night comes and she realizes she must either study then or get up at four or five o'clock in the morning. If she choose the former she will break the Sabbath; if the latter, she will lose a good deal of necessary sleep, and no day can seem bright to a sleepy person. If Monday were holiday she could put off her lessons to the last minute and there would be no reason why she should not study.

Another point in favor of Monday for holiday is that we would have longer to shop. We can only shop till twelve o'clock on Saturday, whereas if Monday were holiday we would have all day. The factories are not out as on Saturday and we could be on the street as on any other day. As it is now, Saturday morning is full. We can go down the street in the morning only, and we are obliged to do any extra cleaning before ten o'clock, and from 8:30 to 12:30 is by far too short a time to accomplish anything.

Saturday nights would be just as good a time for entertainments, and we could dance just as long as on Friday nights.

There are a few people who contend that they have always been used to Saturday holiday and any other way would be so confusing. Just because we have gotten used to the old rut, is that any excuse for staying there?

Most of the foremost colleges of the country have decided upon Monday for holiday, and none that have given it a fair trial like to go back to the old way. So there must be advantages in it, and we will never know them till *we* have given it a fair trial.

Open Column.

THE LIBRARY.

IN the Open Column of THE GUIDON for January there was published a plea for longer library hours. The girls, among the upper classes especially, feel that the hours given them are all too short for the amount of library work required by their different teachers, and the justice of the plea was felt by all. It was not, however, intended as a complaint against the librarians, and that it should have been so understood is a source of much regret to the student who wrote it as well as to the editors of THE GUIDON. Our librarian and her assistants already have a full schedule of work, for in addition to the school library, the training school library is kept open or supervised by the librarian, the book-room is opened every day for the sale of books, and the ordering of books, cataloging, etc., must be attended to.

The request of the students is merely that some provision be made for lengthening library hours, and this could be made possible by the employment of more assistants.

DURING the recent epidemic of measles the whole school was much saddened by the death of three of our fellow-students—Olive Carter, Carter Richardson and Kate Fulton. In each case measles was followed by some complication of pneumonia or tonsillitis, and the combined attacks resulted fatally.

These girls were faithful students and were loved and respected by their friends and the members of the faculty.

Kate Fulton entered school in 1904 and was a member of the Junior Class; Carter Richardson in September, 1906, and Olive Carter in 1907.

Both faculty and students wish to extend, through The Guidon, their deepest sympathy to the bereaved parents and friends.

In and About School.

JANUARY COMMENCEMENT.

THREE weeks intervened between the Christmas holiday and the January commencement, the first feature of which was the class play of the evening of Saturday, the 18th. On Sunday evening a most inspiring and helpful baccalaureate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Summerell, of Norfolk, to an audience composed of the school girls and a large number of the town people. We were fortunate in having Dr. Metcalf, of Richmond College, to address the graduating class on Monday evening. After the reading of the salutatory and valedictory addresses, by Fannie Christian and Vernie Blankinship, Dr. Jarman delivered their diplomas to the thirteen girls who had successfully completed their school course. Lockett Walton, the president of the class, presented Dr. Jarman and the school with a beautiful picture, the farewell gift of her class.

Since Christmas school work has been much interfered with by a visit of measles. It is the first time we have ever had an epidemic of any kind in school, and this has been made worse by the presence of two forms of the disease. Some of the girls have had real measles and have been quite sick, but far the greater number have had a very light form and have not missed very much time from their classes. A num.

ber of girls went home for a short while, either on account of weak eyes or because their parents were alarmed.

In several cases measles has been followed by tonsillitis or pneumonia, which, of course, caused a more serious illness. Some of these were, unfortunately girls who had already some weakness in throat or lungs, and in three cases measles with these complications has resulted fatally. THE GUIDON chronology records elsewhere an account of these deaths.

These sad events have cast a gloom over all phases of school life. In each case work was suspended out of respect to our fellow students and their families. The whole school was much saddened and every one sympathizes most deeply with the bereaved parents and friends.

We are glad to say that, at present, conditions are much improved. There are still several girls for whom some anxiety is felt, but these are daily improving, and there have been no new cases of measles for three weeks. Most of the girls have returned and have resumed their regular work.

We are very sorry that Miss Whiting is not able to be with us this term. Those of us who knew her looked forward to her return to her work with the keenest pleasure.

Another teacher has been added to our faculty—Miss Ida Howard. Miss Howard graduated from this school in 1900, and has since attended Teachers College, Columbia University, New York. We heartily welcome her to her Alma Mater, and extend to her our love and sincere good will in her work.

The Senior B₂ Class has organized and elected the following officers: Imogen Hutter, president; Bessie Sampson, vice-president; Grace Beale, secretary; Curle Phillips, treasurer. At once the question of the advisability of having an annual was brought up, and many arguments were advanced on both sides. It has finally been decided that an annual will be edited, and the staff has been elected.

It has been decided in a Cunningham Literary Society debate that girls should "take advantage of the privileges of leap-year." But the judges in the debate were all men; no wonder they decided that way. How many will take *their* advice?

The Argus Literary Society held an informal social in Miss Coulling's class room on February 7th. The object of this meeting was to enable the members of the society to know one another better; and to promote society spirit. A delightful evening was spent in making and eating candy of all sorts and in "getting acquainted."

On February 14th we were greatly shocked to receive news of the death of Carrie Jordan, a fellow student who had recently left school expecting to return next session. She died at a hospital in Richmond after an operation which was not thought to be a serious one.

She was a member of the Argus Literary Society, and the following resolutions were adopted by the society :

Whereas,

It has pleased an all-wise and gracious Providence

to remove from our society one of its members, Carrie Jordan, be it

Resolved,

First—That in her death we have suffered the loss of one of our most loyal and faithful members.

Second—That while we are deeply grieved, we humbly submit ourselves to the will of God.

Third—That we extend to her family our heartfelt sympathy, praying that the Comforter will be near them in their affliction.

Fourth—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family, and that they be published in THE GUIDON.

GRACE BENDALL,	}	Committee.
GLADYS BELL,		
JOSEPHINE REED,		

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

ON Saturday afternoon, February 8th, a mass meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was called for the purpose of electing officers. A large number of the members were present and the following girls were elected to the cabinet: President, Josie Kelly; vice-president, Gladys Bell; recording secretary, Alice Carter; corresponding secretary, Florence Clayton; treasurer, Lula Sutherlin; librarian, Isabelle Dunlap. May each of these girls realize what a responsibility she assumes in becoming a member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, but at the same time may each feel that her work is God's own work and that it is her privilege to make His strength her own strength.

Our new president has instituted a little prayer circle that meets in the cabinet room every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. This is a very sweet, informal gathering in which the girls talk together and pray about the different questions and problems that arise in our Y. W. C. A. work.

Alumnae Notes.

BETTIE PRICE STARLING ('06) is teaching in the public school at Barton Heights, Va.

Pattie Love Jones ('05) is teaching near her home in Maine.

Carrie Mason ('07) is taking a special course at Cornell University.

Bernie Smith ('06) is teaching near Charlotte C. H., Va.

Virgie Stubblefield ('07) is teaching in the Richmond public schools.

Lillian Thompson ('06) is teaching in Pocahontas, Va. We would be glad if she would write us some more of her experiences with the little Bohemians.

Annie Martin ('04) is teaching at Tazewell, Va.

Florence Barr ('07) and Frank Jones ('07) are teaching at Pearisburg, Va. From all that we hear of them, they seem to be having a lovely time.

Dorothy Rogers ('06) is teaching at Staunton, Va.

Steptoe Campbell ('06) is teaching at Lovings-ton, Va.

As You Like It.

WANTED.

In days of old,
A lover bold
It was foretold
 That I should be;
But time doth pass,
And ne'er a lass
Of any class
 Will marry me.

So old I've grown
That I must own
I am that drone
 Which maids abhor:
The lone—the left—
The sore bereft—
The all but daft—
 Old Bachelor !

O Fates above,
Look down in love,
Let pity move
 Your hearts toward mine ?
Old age, I fear,
Is drawing near
Send me this year—
 A Valentine !

MAKING USE OF LEAP-YEAR.

The following story is told of an old Dutch maiden-lady who believed in leap-year and its privileges. For seven long years she had cooked in the kitchen of a Virginia planter, and for as many had her admirer, Jacob, come to sit and watch her handiwork, and admire her neat and thrifty Dutch ways. At length in the Valentine month of the seventh year, Hulda, like another Priscilla, spoke thus:

"Vell, Zhacob, if yer wants me, yer can shust have me." And slowly and sweetly Jacob made answer: "I vas shust about to mention it!"

DESSERT DAYS.

Nothing to eat, Nellie darling,
Nothing to eat, you say,
I don't see why
You make that your cry,
For you know this is dessert day.
Maybe they'll give us a mince pie, dear,
Or doubtless a nice peach-roll.

So hustle along
And join in the song,
That comes from the depths of the soul !

"Dessert days, dessert days,
Dear old Tuesdays and Fridays,
Waiting and watching the kitchen door,
Hoping and wishing and yearning for more,
These are the days we love the best,
Stuffing and cramming, but not for a test,
We have been blest
With peaches and jelly, galore!"

—EMMA FARISH.

FACULTY LIMERICKS.

There was a young teacher called "B—dd—,"
 In fact he was only a kiddie,
 His lessons were big
 And his class had to dig
 To get through—the more's the pity.

Our Jack-of-all-trades, named M—tt—n,
 Can make—and that very soon—
 A box, or a pun,
 A clock, or a gun—
 Oh, he is a comical coon!

There was a professor named Jo—s,
 Who practiced harmonious (?) tones,
 From morn till night
 With all of his might,
 Till the girls could scarce stifle their groans.

Of one M—ss—n—g—r, all have agreed
 That he's always a friend in our need.
 By the Faculty bright (?)
 He is *Mercury* light,
 For he's known both for wit and for speed.

PARTED.

There were once two darling crushes
 Whose love was true and warm ;
 One scarcely could support herself
 Without the other's arm.
 They sat out every other dance

Whene'er they went to balls,
And when they should have been in class
They sat out in the halls.

From morn 'till night and after that
You e'er could see them spoon,
They raved about the sun and stars,
And languished 'neath the moon.
Oft each the honeyed sweetness of
The other's lips would taste,
Their arms grew into helpless curves
From training round the waist.

But cruel fate here intervenes—
List to the tale I tell !
One maid fell sick of measles,
While the other—she stayed well.
And Mattye must be carried
To the dread Infirmarye,
And without her darling presence
What hope had fond Marye ?

In vain she sat beside her mates
When they were "breaking out,"
Where'er the measles thickest seemed
There she would hang about.
At length when fruitless pining
Had fairly worn her thin,
A far and few eruption
Appeared upon her chin.

With joy she hailed each measles dear,
And to the doctor flew
"Oh, if I haven't *many*, sir,

At least regard these few.”
 Her breath came fast, and 'gainst her ribs
 Her happy heart did knock,
 She wildly wondered if Mattye
 Could stand the joyful shock.

“Oh! come unto these arms once more,”
 She framed her lips to say,
 And pressed with rapture to the door—
 The doctor barred the way!
 His words they fell upon her ear
 Like blast of parching wind—
 “You don't go in *that* room, my dear,
 You've got the *German* kind.

HIS USUAL ANSWER.

Anxious One—“Mr. M., what is the matter with my round stick?”

Mr. M.—“Well, I believe the chief thing is that it's not round.”

THIS APPLIES TO US.

President—“Have you ever had Algebra?”

New Student—“I don't know, sir, but if it's like measles I don't want to have it.”

THE REASON WHY.

Dr. M-ll-dg—“All matter is formed of the ions, which we have found are electricity. That's the reason some people are so shocking, I suppose.”

— — — — — AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

Miss B-gg—"In what atmosphere does satirical writing thrive?"

L-n—"In a damp, streaky soil."

All-n—"In an atmosphere of selfishness and immortality."

Breathless Girl—"Has the next period begun?"

Witty One—"No."

Girl (rushing back)—"Yes, it has!"

Witty One—"The next period hasn't, but this one has."

— — — — — WHO KNOWS?

Little Girl—"Mama, how many gangs of teeth will I have?"

— — — — — TO MISS — — — — —, WITH THE MEASLES.

A maid whose complexion was thieved from the roses,

Was caught by the flowers a-stealing their posies.

"She merits the worst, but we'll spare her this time,

Yet the penalty," said they, "we'll fit to the crime,

And give her unstinted *couleur de rose*."

American Beauties and great Jacqueminots,

Crimson Rambler and Meteor all gave their views,

Said they, "She will find she has all she can use."

They painted her nose,—'twas a beautiful sight,

A bright, rosy carmine; her cheeks flamed with light.

Her cheeks they were scarlet, her eyes deeply red

Her hands and her neck were as gay as her head.

She hid in a dark room, and loudly declared,

"I'll never rob roses again, if I'm spared."

Exchanges.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly. *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* for January is exceptionally well bal-

anced. There is a variety in the character of the stories that is seldom met with, they vary from great philosophical problems to simple narrative fiction.

"When the Roses Bloom" is a dainty and pathetic narrative, containing, however, but little action.

"The Gambler" is a touching story of a great unselfish love that caused even a professional gambler to play the part of a hero.

"Genevieve" is original and well written.

The verse is below the usual standard; the thought lacks depth, nor is it expressed in attractive phrase.

"The Present Fulfilled," in the December number, may, perhaps, be intended as a burlesque—it leaves that impression, at any rate. The conversation is ludicrous throughout, but it reaches its culmination when we are told that "Miss Nell's" voice was so "solicitous and pathetic" when she asked "Mr. Wil-ler" if a needle and thread would "help" him to mend his heart, "it brought honest tears to his eyes." We fail to see what there was to weep about!

"The Passing" and "Poppies in the Wheat" are among the best poems. "America's Christmas Morning" is also good.

Emory and Henry Era. The December number of the *Emory and Henry Era* contains an admirable article entitled "Fashionable Fads and Follies." It sets forth the folly of excess in dress, speech and so forth, and gives also the only remedy—work—something to do that is worth while, a realization of "the earnestness of life." As is the way with most reformers, however, the author goes to the other extreme. He advocates the discarding of all jewelry by women, insisting that they are more beautiful and attractive without any adornment. Even rings must be cast aside. Why, where would be the pleasure of of being engaged?

"Tempted" is a thoroughly interesting story. It is one of the few in which we have no clue to the denouement until we reach it. The story displays a keen insight into human nature; the clear, logical reasoning shows plainly how a man of thoroughly honest, upright impulses may suddenly yield to the temptation which has confronted him hundreds of times before without effect.

"Thy Beauty" and the "The Optimist" are very good poems; the other two are poor.

The Talisman. The material in the February number of *The Talisman* is excellent; there is, however, too much sameness about it. The essays are carefully written, but there are five essays, and only one story. This, "A Disappointing Affair!" is, indeed, disappointing. We thought, of course, that "Rob" was to be the hero, but after reading about him for a page and a half, we are told that "Patsy" has "never since heard of Jane or Rob." This is the

end—and the incident contained such charming possibilities! The real Miss Patricia Strong might have been made to appear after “Rob” had fallen in love with “Patsy,” and delightful complications could have ensued; or “Rob” might have been so impressed with “Patsy” that even after her departure and the note of explanation, she would have “heard” from him again. As it is, the “story” is hardly more than a sketch.

Three of the poems are of unusual quality for a college publication.

“Maid of Orelans” ranks first. It is a beautiful appreciation of the wonderful “Maid,” and written in an easy, graceful style.

“I Love You, Dearest” is a sweet little love song, with some lyric quality.

“Thespesios” is, likewise, a pleasing poem.

The University The stories in the November issue of *Magazine*. the *University Magazine* are amusing, but lack depth. “The Transgression of the Five” is the laughable prank of some college boys. It is entertaining, but the whole of it is written in college slang, which is somewhat wearying, and not at all literary.

“A Fool and His Money” is not only slangy, but profane as well. “A Profitable Courtship” is much in the same vein.

Altogether, the tone of the magazine is light, the effect is one of triviality rather than earnestness. Every magazine should portray enough serious thinking to offset the lighter productions.

Among the poems, “The Flower and the Bee” is

a bright little bit of verse, with a pleasant rythm. The verses entitled "Say So," written in the negro dialect, are among the best of their kind that we have seen.

The Tattler. "The Rescue," in *The Tattler* for December, is a story unique in plot, and carefully developed. It narrates the triumph of the spiritual nature over that of the brute, how a man in attempting to rescue the child of his enemy from death, rescues himself from the living death of his slavery to the passions of hate and revenge. The climax is unusually well arranged; the author knew just when to stop. We are glad that he did not continue the story, as many would have done, in order to tell whether or not the rescue was accomplished. It is sufficient to know that the father, with his boy in his arms, starts back to save the child of his treacherous friend. The climax is reached when he makes the decision, to have added more would have dissipated its effect, and weakened the narrative.

"Supernatural?" is too harrowing to discuss. It has all the horror of Dante or Poe, without their genius.

The stories in the January number scarcely fulfil expectations.

The incident on which "A Discovery" turns is rather improbable. It is unlikely that a character in a book should have so impressed the reader as to cause her to talk constantly of him during long months of illness.

"Waiting" lacks originality.

“The Hermit of Chesterhaven,” though it wants movement, is the best of the three.

The lines, “To My Clock,” are good. A slight inconsistency occurs, however. If, as we are informed, “the minute hand’s gone long ago,” what “two dark hands,” pray, “nearly met at twelve?”

“A Dream” is a lovely little poem, written with peculiar delicacy and grace.



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